Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue-featherd Rauen, woluish-rauening lambe,
Despised substance of diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*,
Iu. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe fooli sh teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

VVhich you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then:
Some words there was worser then *Tibalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
VVas woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be wrankt with other griefes,
VVhy followed not when she said *Tibalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
VVhich moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a reareward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is banished to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
VVhere is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. VVeeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* course,
VVill you go to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. VVath they his wounds with teares: mine shal be spe
VVhen theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment.
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is: